The Middlebury Campus

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MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE CENTRAL COLLEGE OF VERMONT.

Equidistant from the Northern and Southern Boundaries. Half way between Vermont's largest cities. On New York Central Lines (Rutland Railroad.) Four through trains daily each way between New York and Boston and Montreal. Fare (mileage) from New York, $5.34; from Boston, $4.00.

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The Summer Session of 1911 will be held July 5 to August 11. About forty courses will be offered, including College Extension Courses and Lectures, Courses leading to the Degrees of A. B. and B. S., Graduate Courses, and College Preparatory Studies.

FURTHER INFORMATION.

The Catalogue for 1910–11 may be had on application, and inquiries may be addressed to

PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS.

Middlebury, Vt.

The Middlebury Campus

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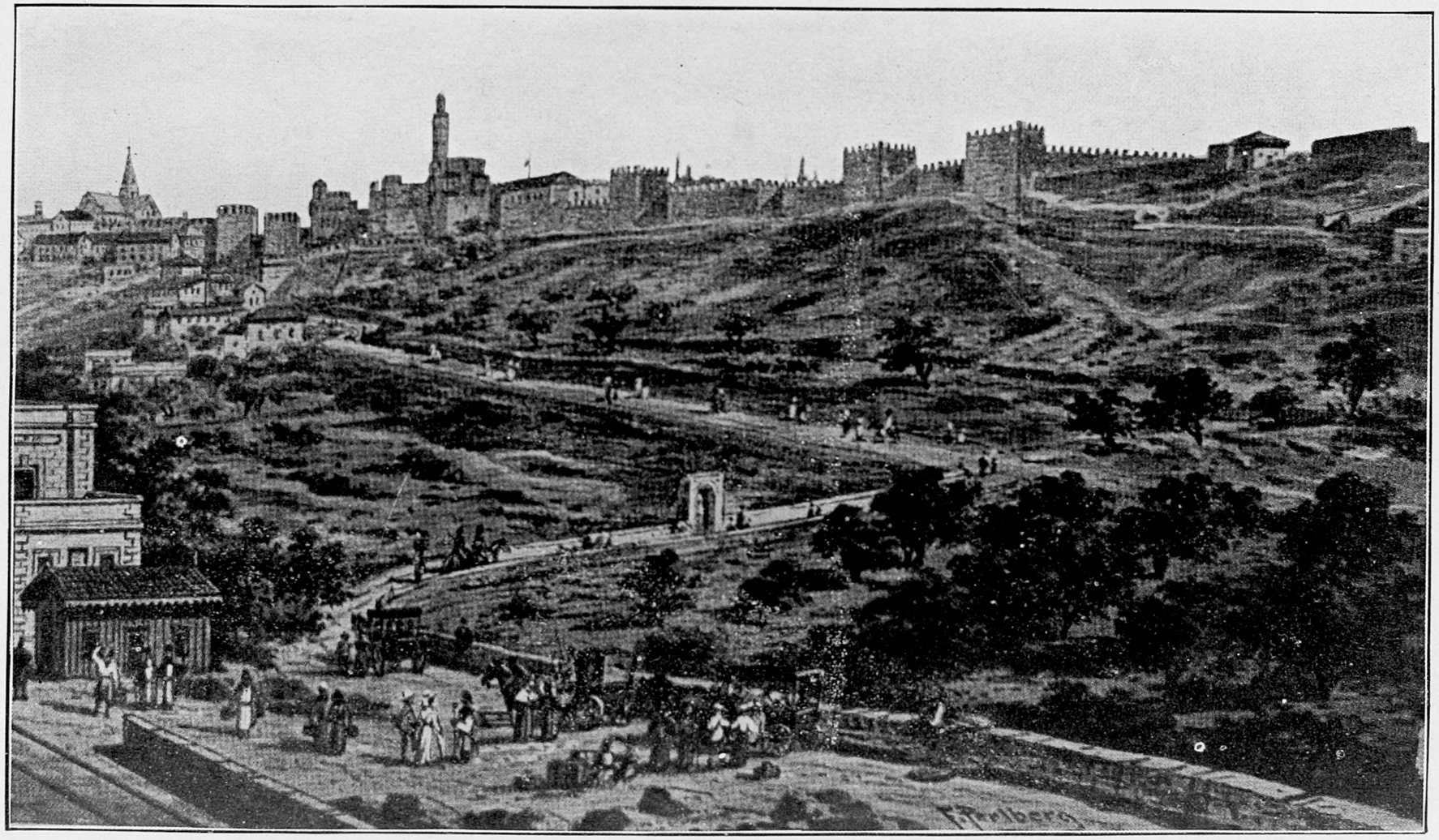
THE night wind moans through the pine tree tops
And shrieks o'er the lonesome wold,
It sobs out its grief on the fir tree's breast
In an agony that knows no rest
Amid the rain and cold.

I struggle to grasp a fleeting form
That my fancy alone may hold,—
O! could I sob out on my mother's breast
A deeper grief that knows no rest
Amid the pain and cold.

—'12.



HILLY STREET FROM THE RAILWAY STATION, JERUSALEM.

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

A WEEK IN SOUTHERN PALESTINE.

[BY PIERCE W DARROW, '11.]

(Continued from the December number.)

SMALL fees admitted me to all the churches, monasteries, mosques, and synagogues I cared to visit. I followed up the Via Dolorosa and thus came to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher which contains the supposed sites of the crucifixion and burial, and Abyssinian, Armenian, Coptic, Greek, Latin, and Syrian chapels, held in my hand the sword and spurs of Godfrey of Bouillon, saw the two beautiful German churches, climbed the Russian tower on Mount Olivet from which a magnificent view extending beyond the Dead Sea is obtained, and visited various sacred places in Gethsemane, among them, the garden containing eight ancient olive trees and beautiful flowers tended by pleasant Italian fathers. Admission to the Temple site, which is in the Mohammedan quarters, is hedged around with red tape. I had to obtain permission from the Turkish authorities and be accompanied by the consul's kavass and a Turkish soldier besides my dragoman, but it was well worth the trouble. This great, stone-paved quadrangle 1600 feet long and 900 feet wide is the object of the veneration of Jews, Christians, and Moslems alike. In the center is the Kubbet-es-Sakhra (often wrongly called the Mosque of Omar) which is built over the Holy Rock on the sites of Solomon's and Herod's Temples—a conglomerate of marble and other stones, porcelains, iron, bronze, and wood of many ages. Particular stones are pointed out as having been in Solomon's Temple, and perhaps they were *quien sabe?* Under the south-eastern part of the great court lie "Solomon's stables", but the Crusaders were probably the first to use these great substructions as stables. In the piers and walls are stones rivalling in size those of the Pyramids. Holes for ropes were cut through the corners of the piers.

Gabriel thot it time to go to Bethlehem and so did I. That is another example of "a city that is set on a hill." How very vital to the ancients was the question of defence! Water-power

and transportation facilities never bothered them. Bethlehem is more than interesting, it is charming, and the charm lies in the simplicity and pleasantness of the people, who are of a distinct type, and most of them Christians. It was delightful to hear my own language spoken by girls of the English mission school, by some one not a merchant looking for the traveller's money, and to chat with a shop-keeper, who had been at the St. Louis Exposition. Here began the "story that transformed the world". The church, built over the place where the Saviour was born, is the joint property of the Latins, Greeks and Armenians and each sect shares in the rich tapestries which adorn the grotto beneath. The supposed place of the nativity is marked by a silver star with a round hole in it exposing the rock, which is constantly kissed by the unending stream of pilgrims.

A few miles south of the city are three large reservoirs called the "Pools of Solomon", tho no one knows when or by whom they were constructed, also the ruins of a fort built by the Crusaders for protection against the Bedouins. The reservoirs are partly hewn in the rock and partly built up of masonry and furnish water to the fountains in Jerusalem. On the way back to Jerusalem some fertile meadows prompted me to ask the faithful Gabriel about the price of land, labor, camels, donkeys, and crops. He did not understand "acre" but I pointed out a lot about the size of a football field which contains slightly more than an acre, and he valued it at one hundred dollars.

Travellers for Jericho do well to start early in the morning and to fasten large silk handkerchiefs to protect faces and necks from the hot sun, wind, and dust, for the change of altitude from 2500 feet above sea level to 1300 feet below, causes a great rise of temperature. This is popularly supposed to be a dangerous trip and it is quite romantic to meet armed caravans and bands of Russian peasant pilgrims escorted by guards from the Jerusalem hospices. It is the life ambition of these peasants to bathe in the Jordan. The road is not good, but considering that the only materials are rock and dust, no better can be expected. The horses were rested at the Apostles' Fountain and the Khan of the Good Samaritan, these being the only habitations after leaving Bethany. I had told the dragoman not to let me miss the Monastery of St. George, a penitentiary for Greek priests who have gone wrong, so at the proper place we climbed a small hill and

gazed down into a deep gorge, in a cavern of the opposite wall of which is as lonesome and forlorn a monastery as can be imagined. Continuing on to the pass in the last foothills I obtained a splendid view across the Jordan valley, and on descending felt myself in a place that did not belong to this earth, a place that ought to be far under the ocean. The "Pool of Moses" which is a dry reservoir and a mound which may contain the ruins of Herod's palace are there. A few minutes to the north is the modern Jericho and a bit beyond that the ruins of the Jericho of the Old Testament which the Germans have excavated, also the spring whose waters Elisha "healed" with salt. The water from this and other springs is used for irrigating small barley and vegetable fields and I was much surprised to see a few apple trees. Outside of this small irrigated area, however, all is drear desert. Modern Jericho has a population of three hundred people, notorious for squalid huts and bad reputation.

There is an apology for a road from Jericho to the Dead Sea, from there to the point in the Jordan where the pilgrims bathe and from there back to Jericho, all of which is impassable in the wet season but which is dry enough in the dry season, for even the sage brush seemed dead. The soil is more clay than sand and in the low spots there are thin deposits of salt which, during the wet season, I imagine to resemble sink holes in a great lake of soft soap. The Dead Sea was somewhat choppy and bathing not very pleasant, for the chloride of magnesium and other substances in the waves which splashed into my lips and nostrils, made them burn. My lips had been badly cracked by the heat. One floats without exertion, but it is tiresome to swim because one's feet have a tendency to keep on the surface. The Jordan was dirty but that never hinders the poor pilgrims who carry back the muddy garments, samples of the water and branches of the bushes which grow along the bank to show to their friends. Gabriel fell into conversation with a Moslem from Jerusalem who said that two days before he and a companion had been stripped of all their clothing and a monk from the nearby monastery of St. John had been killed before by a band of Bedouins at this place where the Saviour was baptized. The monk, it seems, had been accustomed to sleep in a boat on the river and catch fish to sell to pilgrims.

The hotels in Jericho have nothing to recommend them except fleas. The heat seemed as great at night as in the day and I was

more than willing to get up at two o'clock and start back to Jerusalem. While the horses were being fed at the Khan, I examined the ruins of a mediaeval castle on the hill behind it, and in Bethany, Gabriel showed me the tomb of Lazarus.

The journey back to Jaffa passed without incident worthy of mention and night found me on board an Austrian vessel bound for Port Said. The ship, however, was so crowded that I had to spend the night on the dining-room table reflecting and dreaming about it all. Truly it is a country in which all the wonderful stories told of it might well have happened and no one need go to the Holy Land in the fear that his faith in them will be shaken.

TEACHER THOUGHT SPAIN IN UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—A lively fight was made in the House to-day on a provision in the Executive Appropriation bill, authorizing the National Bureau of Education to employ specialists in higher education, rural education and school hygiene at $3,000 a year each. This specific provision was defeated on a point of order, but the advocates of extending the usefulness of the bureau finally won out by means of an amendment authorizing an investigation into these three subjects and appropriating $9,000 for the purpose.

Representative Parsons of New York enlivened the debate by sending to the desk to be read an extract from a speech by the Rev. Dr. John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College, in which he spoke of the need of work among the rural teachers and cited answers given by three New England teachers in an examination.

One teacher, naming four places of historic interest in the United States, wrote: "Boston, Ticonderoga, Spain and England."

Defining "Disinfectant," another teacher wrote: "Disinfectant is something that does not agree with one's system."

The third teacher defining "Deodorizer," wrote: "Deodorizer is a person that has a desire he does not know about."
—*New York Press.*

IN BUZZARD'S VALLEY.

(FIRST PRIZE STORY)

THE bullet had sped on its mission of death. The man in the valley fell motionless into the underbrush; the man on the hillside rose from behind the boulder and threw the empty shell from his gun.

"Who was it, stranger?"

The man wheeled sharply, and with back to the boulder and rifle pointed ahead, faced the intruder—an old, bent man, with the startled, drooping glance and the uncanny agility of some wild thing.

"You ain't got no call to shoot me!" shrieked the old man. "I jest asked friendly-like who it was, an' I don't mean harm to no one."

"It was the sheriff of this here county, if you want to know," growled the other in surly tones. "I reckon now I'll have to shoot you, too, since you seen me do it."

"No, no," whined the old man. "I'll never breathe a word—honest! I've lived right here in Buzzard's Valley for thirty years now, seen men killed nigh every year, an' no one ever the wiser for me. Why, twenty-two year ago, now, right in this spot—"

He paused and glanced up fearfully. The other made no sign. Feverishly, talking for his life, the old man shrilled out:

"Right down there in that very spot where he is now, that man's father was killed, twenty-two years before him, an' I was the only soul that saw it. He was an Injun agent at a place east of here, an' the meanest man that ever lived. He skimped the critters on their blankets and on their tobacco an' even on their food—an' pocketed the money. He cal'lated to make his pile, an' then go back East before things got too hot. The Injuns was on to his game, tho he didn't know it, for they kep' their mouths shut about it. He used to get money from a man that sold 'em liquor, for lettin' him sell it, an' they knew that if they raised a row, he would cut 'em off on that—an' liquor was mighty precious stuff to them, so they kep' quiet.

"But there was another reason, too. This agent had a mighty pretty wife, as nice a woman as you'd see—but she was

daffy about the Injuns. Petted 'em up, always spoke pleasant to 'em, an' sometimes visited 'em in their dirty tepees. That was bound to make trouble, an' it did. The chief's oldest son fell plumb in love with her—as much as an Injun can love,—an' he was bound to get her some day. He didn't let on, of course; but about every day he'd come up to the agent's shack an' bring some little present to the two kids—boys four or five years old, they was—an' he'd stay around an' chat with the wife, especially when the agent was away. He had a squaw of his own, of course, an' she was bilin' jealous, like her people always is. She come round to the white lady in secret, an' warns her that she's too powerful friendly with her brave—that if she don't quit there'll be trouble, an' she, the squaw, won't have to make it, neither.—Say, what you doin'?" he broke off in alarm, slyly raising his eyes to the other. The man with the gun had made some slight motion which alarmed the nervous old man.

"Nothin', nothin'," impatiently. "Go on with your story."

"Well, then, this white girl is so innocent an' harmless that she can't see no harm in what she's doin', an' she keeps it up, smilin' around an' being friendly as anything. She couldn't see why she shouldn't be kind to all of 'God's critters'—she called 'em—I call 'em the devil's own critters. So it goes on, an' by an' by the agent begins havin' trouble with the Injuns. He had been screwing 'em down pretty hard, an' lettin' 'em have too much liquor. So one mornin', quiet like, he tells his wife that he's got to go somewhere on business for the day, an' he takes his horse an' rides over to the cavalry post at Greenbrook, six miles west 'o here. I sees him coming back through this here valley about five o'clock in the afternoon. The colonel had promised to send some soldiers over the next day, so he felt pretty safe.

"It was after dark when he gets home. Everything was very quiet an' there was no light in his house. He goes in, an' finds his two kids hid awav, cryin' an' sayin' that the bad Injuns had carried off their ma about an hour before. The agent takes his pistols, collects all his money, an' goes outside with the children to where the horse is waitin'. As he is putting the kids into the saddle, someone in the darkness pulls at his sleeve. He looks around quick, an' sees the squaw of the brave that carried off his wife.

"'For God's sake', she says, 'come along with me. The tribe is all crazy drunk, an' they have got your wife. Load your guns an' come on'.

"He looks at her kind o' dazed like, an' she goes on:

"'Come along, you coward! Would you leave your purty young wife to them devils? I tell you, you can frighten 'em out of it. They are half scared already at what they done.'"

"'No,' he says, cold like. 'They've killed her by now, an' they'll get me if I don't clear out right now.' An' with that he jumps into the saddle, an' gallops off towards Buzzards' Valley, the squaw standin' there shriekin' curses at him for his cowardice.

"The squaw breaks into his house, an' gets an old gun he had left behind, an' goes up to where the tribe is rampaging. She was *a* woman, if she was a squaw. From behind some bushes she looks on at the orgy. There the white girl sits, pale as death, her clothes torn, tied hand an' foot. The Injuns is all around, drinkin' liquor an' shoutin' their devilish songs. Pretty soon the chief's son staggers toward the white girl with fire in his eye. She shriekes an' tries to struggle away, but bein' tied, can't. The brave makes a grab for her, an' it looks as if it was all up; but jest then the squaw in the bushes shoots,—an' the white gal falls dead."

The old man stopped. The story was living again through his brain, and he groaned for the pity of it all.

"What happened to the agent?" asked the young man. "Go on; finish your story."

The old man took up the thread again. "He galloped off in this direction, rousin' a settler here an' there along the way, till he had about a dozen with him when he entered the valley. I heard the noise, and came out to see what was up. Behind this very rock I sat, an' down twenty feet below, three Injuns with guns was hidin'. The party of settlers comes trottin' down the trail, the new moon shinin' full on them, an' at their head was the agent with his two kids on his saddle-bow. As they gits abreast of here, the Injuns fired. The agent an' another dropped; the rest galloped away, taking one of the kids with 'em. That kid was the man lyin' dead down there now."

"But the other child," cried the outlaw, strangely excited. "What happened to him?"

"The Injuns got him," replied the old man in a frightened whine. "What's the matter, stranger?"

"What tribe? Answer me, old man!"

"Red Hawk's Sioux. They—"

"Oh, my God!" cried the other, jumping up and wildly swinging his arms. "I was that boy. The man I have killed is my brother!"

A bullet splashed against the rock, accompanied by a sharp report. "Duck!" cried the old man, pulling the outlaw under cover. "Duck! you'll get shot."

"Let me die!" shrieked the other. "'Tis God's own punishment come on me."

"Oh, you fool, you fool!" shrilled the old man. "Can't you see? There's nobody else within ten miles of this place." He was hurriedly knotting a dirty white neck-cloth to the gun-barrel. "It's your brother, and he's alive!"

The little flag of truce waved merrily in the breeze; a solitary vulture wearily flapped its way over the mountain; and in the shadow of Buzzard's Valley, the brothers found each other.

Frederich A. Coates, '11

ONLY A MISTAKE.

(SECOND PRIZE STORY.)

THE Misses Gregg were deeply agitated. Annabel, the niece whom they had brought up in the sleepy New England village that had always been their home, was going abroad. That fact was enough to stir to its very depths the hitherto peaceful and uninterrupted course of their existence. Since Annabel had been away to school and college this was by no means the first separation. It was, however, like no former ones, for in the estimation of these timid aunts, Annabel was destined to be swallowed up in the wilds of some unknown land. Their ideas concerning foreign countries were somewhat vague and included the belief that the United States was the only place fit for human habitation and all else was utter darkness. It appeared to their simple minds that to undertake foreign travel would be to deliberately fly in the face of Providence.

But if they did not approve of this wild scheme they at least wished to learn the worst as fast as it took place. "You will not forget to write, will you, Ann?" asked Miss Eliza anxiously.

"No, Ann, please don't forget to write," echoed Miss Mehitable. You know Uncle Ezra went to foreign parts once and didn't write for fifteen years."

"Well, I will promise to write oftener than that, at any rate, since I am to be away but three months,' laughed Annabel, who, with the assurance of the average American girl, entertained no fears concerning her proposed trip. "I may not be able to write much at a time, so I will send you a letter on the installment plan. I will write cards as I would a letter, writing as many things on each card as there is space for and continuing the news on the next card."

This offer was a vast comfort to the two old ladies, for Miss Mehitabel afterward confided to her sister, "We shall feel so much better to know every few days that she is all right." In their relief they ignored the fact that between the date of the writing of a card and the receipt by them, their niece would have ample time to undergo any of the various perils on sea and land.

At last the eventful day arrived and the hour of parting found the two fond aunts distinctly weepy. Their minds were still full of the horrors of the unknown. As Annabel finally rode out of the yard and down the road she called back, "Watch for the post-card series and take care of Old King Cole." The last warning had the effect of making the tearful ladies turn hastily and wend their way homeward as fast as age and dignity would permit. Old King Cole was a huge yellow cat of rheumatic tendencies and irascible disposition, the latter fact proving his name a misnomer. Now his fond mistresses were possessed of the insane notion that Old King Cole might some day fall into the chimney. Just why a naturally dignified cat of excellent habits and moreover of a feebleness of limbs that entirely incapacitated him for such a feat should go so far as to even climb the chimney, history does not state. Needless to say on their return to the house they found the subject of their anxiety still safe and occupying the puffiest chair.

For several days the Misses Gregg were in a flutter of excitement. They made constant speculations in regard to the arrival of the first card. At last it came and in breathless excitement

they read it. It was as follows:

"Am writing this on shipboard. Our trip is almost over and we land in Liverpool to-morrow. We have had a splendid voyage. Most of the travelers were sea sick, but I broke—"

And here the writing stopped too soon, alas, for the poor aunts' peace of mind. "I know she has broken her arm," cried Miss Eliza. "I just knew something would happen on that awful ship," wailed her sister.

Too anxious to remain quietly at home, they visited several of their neighbors, informing them all of the disaster that had so soon overtaken the too-confident Annabel. That night they laboriously wrote to her a letter which contained the most explicit directions regarding the use of a broken arm, and which upon its arrival caused much perplexity and amusement. Meanwhile the next card explained the matter to the anxious aunts. It read in this way:

"—the record among those who were crossing for the first time. I was not at all sea sick. We landed this morning. Leonore's friend called this P. M.. I have met him before, for he came to see L. several times while we were in college."

Of course the last message soothed their troubled minds, but a few weeks later came a second sensation. After describing briefly a grand ball that she had attended, Annabel finished with this startling statement:

"I met an Italian count at the ball. He murdered—"

This was received with little gasps of horror. Miss Mehitabel sat down weakly on the nearest chair, which happened to contain the sour-tempered Old King Cole. After matters had been somewhat adjusted after this slight diversion, they found words to express their feelings.

"Dear, dear, what *are* girls thinking of now-a-days?" cried both in one breath.

"I've always heard that those Italians were dreadful wicked folks", Miss Mehitabel added.

After this severe blow to their pride they decided to be very reticent in regard to Annabel's wanderings. People should not know that one of their family mingled with men of such desperate character. It never occurred to them that this alarming statement might be as easily explained as the other, as indeed it was by the next card, which began thus:

"—the English language terribly, but did not mind our laughing at him. I found a college friend the other day in one of my trips, a man this time. I have not known for some time where he was".

After this, matters went smoothly for some time. The Misses Greggs received cards frequently and letters occasionally, all of which told them of their niece's various adventures. About two weeks before Annabel was expected home they received another bit of news. After mentioning once more the Italian count, Annabel wrote:

"The country is beautiful about here and we have frequent motor rides. I am engaged—"

Now this announcement was a trifle surprising but very pleasant until the startled ladies suddenly thought that their altogether charming but somewhat impulsive niece was probably engaged to the Italian count. But they bore up bravely for even if these two elderly ladies, either from choice or otherwise, were still spinsters, they at least did not begrudge their niece the joys of double blessedness.

"I always meant to give Ann a silk table cloth for a wedding present and I suppose we must begin on it right away," said Miss Eliza, "but I do hate to think of giving it to a foreigner and an Italian at that."

"Well, I suppose we can't expect to pick out a husband for her," returned her sister with a sigh. "But," more cheerfully, "we'll give them that picture of grapes, that we made with hair when we were young. I've heard that there are lots of grapes in Italy and it will please him to think that we remembered that."

In the excitement of planning, even Old King Cole was forgotten. He might easily have risked all nine of his precious lives, individually and collectively, without hindrance on their part. They brought out the pieces of silk and soon began to piece the table-cover. As they were working on it one day who should appear but the very person for whom the gift was intended. After the greetings, Annabel explained that her friend had suddenly decided to return sooner than they had at first planned. Then she noticed the collection of silk pieces.

"What are you making now?" she asked.

Her aunts cast coy glances at her and at each other before

they said, "Why it's for your wedding present when you marry the count."

"The count," cried the girl in perplexity. "Why, I am not engaged—to him."

"But yon said you were," said the old ladies, excitedly, as they produced her last post-card from the parlor table and pointed triumphantly to the last line.

"You funny people," laughed Annabel, "that would have been explained on the next card, but I came away too soon to send another. I intended to tell you that I was engaged for a motor ride the next day."

"Well, we are glad anyway, for we don't like foreigners," said Miss Eliza with evident relief. That wasn't so bad, though, as one of the other cards where you said he murdered something and we didn't find out what it was for days.

"I am sorry I caused you so much trouble," said Annabel contritely, suppressing her amusement. "I thought that you would be interested in guessing what would come next, but I never dreamed you would get any wrong impressions. I will write letters and finish them properly next time I go, for there may be a next time," she added blushing, "and I may need the table-cover after all."

Faith B. Linsley, '13.

FROM THE CAMPUS.

THIS brief sketch is not written as a description of the campus, but rather in an endeavor to educe from the occupants appreciation of the naturally richly endowed beauties of our Alma Mater.

That the true beauty of the old place may be seen, and rightly appreciated, one must seat himself, near twilight, on one of the rustic benches, where the front of the old College row may show in its fullest extent.

Confronting us, as we sit, rises the old chapel, sweetly quaint, in its simplicity, with its age-softened, vine-covered, gray walls, presenting a picture tranquil and reposeful; the old stone steps, quaintly arching above the Dutch doors; the many

paned windows, mute evidence of a day gone past; the very gray stones, softened, seemingly, by the years rolling over, harmonizing with the soft reds and purples of the fast falling ivy, all seem an integral part of a past age, this feeling strengthened by stern Painter, in her square stateliness and strength, symbolizing the unyielding stand of the Institution in her upholding of purity and sincerity.

Between the buildings, over the hills, are gathered great banks of fleecy white and dusky gray clouds to witness the passing of day and the sinking splendor of the sun. Brilliant orange and yellow lights appear through the rifts in the clouds, alternating with scarlet splashes and vividly contrasting jets of gold, piercing the gray masses, monitors of the passing of day. A vivid kaleidoscope of color. A marvellous combination of tints, and in a blaze of crimson splendor, she sinks.

Twilight falls, the harsh light of day softens, the last rays of the setting sun have struck bravely at old Starr, turning the yellow leaves to gold, bringing forth contrasts of deep reds, rich browns and purples against the twilight-softened gray stones.

Beyond, from the fields and courts, come faintly the voices of the students. Lights spring through the walls of browning ivy.

The campus, sloping gently downward, fringed with its border of evergreens, covered with stately maples, gorgeous in their Autumn splendor, furnishes a natural setting to the old buildings, silhouetted against an ever darkening sky, whilst, through the trees and shadows, on the ends of the lawns, ghostly shapes seem to loom into being, resolving, as the dusk settles, into the sharply contrasting buildings of this latest era, pressing on the old, bringing in the new.

Musing, I walked up the steps of old Starr into echoing halls. The chapel bell suddenly rang out, marking the advance of Time. The wind rushed through the clinging ivy vines, and through the rustling of the leaves came the "Untimely Thought."

"I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year."

A. B. Perkins, '14.

RAY L. FISHER.

[FROM THE NEW YORK GLOBE OF JANUARY 7, 1911.]

IF the opinion of the Yankee players is worth anything, and we think it is, Ray Fisher is going to be a star pitcher in the American League next season.

It may be that the Hill team has another Jack Chesbro. If there was ever a ringer for "Chad" Ray Fisher is that same. Owner Farrell aud Manager Chase hope that he will make the record which happy Jack made in baseball. He laughs, talks, acts and pitches with the same motion as the North Adams farmer. He has a spit ball which, according to Ed Sweeney, is just as dangerous as the one Chesbro once exhibited. Sweeney says there is no pitcher in the business who throws a heavier ball than Fisher, and that's the kind that is hard to hit.

Fisher's work attracted much attention last season. In the second game of a double header in Chicago, with over 32,000 fans looking on, the date being August 14, Fisher was pitted against Ed. Walsh. It was about eighty to one that he would be beaten with Walsh on the rubber against him. When Fisher was told that Walsh was going to pitch for the White Sox his only remark was: "Who is he?"

Walsh had pitched the first game and when the Yankee youngster was sent out to warm up, Hughey Duffy came right back with "Big Ed" in order to put a crimp in the new pitcher. Fisher went along swimmingly and won his game, pitching great ball, Walsh being knocked out of the box. This performance was enough to convince the Yankee players that he had the right stuff for a big league pitcher, and there are some players on his team who think he will win as many games as Ford next season. That is hitting them out some in the prediction league.

In the Connecticut State League in 1908, when he was with the Hartford club, Fisher won fourteen straight games. The following year he practically won the pennant for the Hartford club. He pitched thirty-two games, winning twenty-seven and losing five. The Yankee owner lost no time in purchasing him.

There was another instance in which Fisher made a hit with the fans. In the game he pitched against Matty at the Polo Grounds he was beaten, but players on the Giant team said on

the bench, "There's a guy who has something." In that game Fisher struck out eleven men. It was a bad bound which went over Chase that cost the Yankees that game. Fisher pitched good enough ball in that series to put the approval stamp on him.

Fisher is a graduate from the Middlebury College of Vermnnt, and also took a course in Villanova.

Hitters like Ty Cobb, Lajorie, and Speaker in talking about Fisher as a youngster breaking in declared that he had enough on the ball to carry him through the big league successfully. He weighs close to the 200-mark, and has no trouble in going the route.

Manager Chase says: "I look for Ray Fisher to be another Jack Chesbro. Any pitcher who can shove up such a heavy ball as Fisher and has a spit ball such as he can control will make good in the big league. He will be a regular pitcher on the Yankee team, and I look for him to make such a record as Rus Ford made. If he comes close to it, why there would be no kick. He proved on many occasions last season that he could be developed into a big league star. There was only one time last season when he was hit to any extent, and that was in a game against Cleveland. At that there were three men on the bases with Lajoie up, and he made him pop up. I like his style, and see no reason why he shouldn't make good."

Jack Knight is another who is strong for Fisher and predicts a bright future for him in the big league pitching business.

BATTELL COTTAGE.

AT the beginning of college, after the Christmas holidays, Battell Cottage was opened to students once more. So many changes and improvements had been made since last year that the place was hardly recognizable. On the west a spacious dining room had been built; great windows on four sides of the room made the new dining hall light and cheery. The kitchens and pantries had been enlarged and provided with every convenience; these are to be used for both Battell Cottage and Pearsons Hall when the latter is completed. Many pleasant and sunny rooms had been finished off up stairs, and on the whole the building had been made into a charming, home-like dwelling house, for so it seems, rather than a mere dormitory.

PRIZE CONTEST IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PEDAGOGY.

AT Commencement two prizes will be awarded, one of $30 and one of $20, for the best essays on the following subjects:

Early Theories of Industrial Education.

The Evolution of the Modern American High School.

A Study of Special Methods of High School Teaching.

How Can Agriculture Find a Place in Vermont High Schools?

The Special Problems of the Country Teacher.

What Factors Ought to Determine the Division between Elementary and Secondary School Work?

The conditions are that any undergraduate student taking work in the Department of Pedagogy may compete; that the essays shall be written on one side of the paper only; that they shall be 3000 words in length; and that the Department shall have the right to publish the winning essays.

THE SOPHOMORE HOP.

THE Sophomore Hop was held in the town hall on Thursday evening, December 22. It was a decided success in every way. To avoid complications which might arise, we will desist in our desire to compare this with previous hops, except to say that the ones in former years were no better. A novel plan of decoration, at once striking and pretty, was a feature. The music was furnished by Vittum's seven-piece orchestra, the catering was done by Mr. Kidder. Of the forty couples that attended, all found the evening too short. The patronesses were Mrs. J. E. Buttolph, Mrs. F. W. Cady, Mrs. G. W. Cunningham, Mrs. J. H. Stewart, and Mrs. J. M. Thomas.

WOUNDS.

Think not that deepest wounds are made with steel:
A loved one's thoughtless word cleaves to the heart;
A trust betrayed—no balm that hurt can heal;
And stings of conscience burn with endless smart.

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, '09.

—*From the Progress Magazine.*

DR. STARR AGAIN OUR BENEFACTOR.

THE College appropriation for books during the past year and a half has been most generous. Several hundred volumes of interest and profit to all have been added from the Librarian's General Fund. In the purchase of books from this fund an attempt has been made to meet real and definite needs of students. Their recommendations have always been encouraged, and the need supplied when possible. But because the fund was limited and the requests many, it has not been the policy to make definite requests for suggestions.

However, Dr. M. Allen Starr, our very good friend and patron, has made this possible by an offer, recently received, to consider all such recommendations and to purchase for the library such as may seem desirable.

It is the purpose of this gift to encourage and stimulate general reading by students. They will most certainly appreciate and utilize their opportunity.

A box containing book order blanks has been placed in a conspicuous place in the library where recommendations may be deposited.

SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

AS stated on another page, the Shakespeare class presented four scenes from the plays on the evenings of January 26 and 27. Professor Burrage, Professor Sanford, and Miss White served as judges to decide which scene was the best acted. They gave their decision in favor of the court scene from "The Merchant of Venice. The cast in this scene was made up as follows:

DUKE OF VENICE,	WALTER H. CLEARY
ANTONIO, The Merchant of Venice,	ALFRED MARTIN
BASSANIO, his friend,	EDWARD M. NOYES
GRATIANO, } Friends to Antonio	MR. HAROLD S. TUCK
SALARINO, } and Bassanio	MISS MARION E. ROYS
SHYLOCK, a Jew,	HERBERT A. BURNHAM
PORTIA, a rich heiress,	MISS MARY E. BRESNEHAN

NERISSA, her waiting woman, MISS GERTRUDE M. MURDOCK
PROLOGUE, - - MISS MARION A. FRIZELLE
EPILOGUE, - - - MISS BLANCHE B. BOSTWICK

A Cambridge edition of Shakespeare was awarded to Mr. J. Gordon Peach, who took the part of Bottom in the scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream," for the best acting on the part of the men. A similar prize was given Miss Mabel L. Agnew, who took the part of Lady Macbeth in the scene from "Macbeth."

THE EDITOR.

PRIZE STORY NUMBER.

In the November number of THE CAMPUS a prize of five dollars was offered to the undergraduate student of the college submitting the best original story to the editor. A year's subscription to THE CAMPUS was also offered as a second prize. Of the ten competitors in the contest, Mr. Frederick A Coates, '11, won first prize and Miss Faith B. Linsley, '13, second prize. The two stories appear in this number. The story entitled "The Old Chapel Bell," written by Robert E. Bundy, '14, deserves honorable mention. This story will be printed in the March number of THE CAMPUS. Some of the other stories of the contest were very well written and will appear in later issues. Professor Wright, who acted as judge in the contest, stated that, on the whole, the stories were of a high order, but that in judging them there are many things to consider. We wish to thank the students for the interest shown in this contest.

We hope that we shall receive more contributions from the student body, and that as much enthusiasm as has been shown at this time, willl manifest itself in the future.

COLLEGE EXTENSION LECTURE COURSE.

The people of Vermont are to be congratulated on the opportunity open to them in the College Extension Lecture Course to come in touch with the professors of Middlebury College as exponents of the new life of the State. The students of the college have the

pleasure of frequently meeting these professors in their capacity as instructors, but no opportunity is given them to hear what these men have to say on popular lecture subjects. A lecture course is one of the things that the students of Middlebury College would appreciate, and we believe that if the faculty would make immediate plans for such a course it would meet the desires of the entire student body.

SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

On Thursday and Friday nights before examination week, scenes from some Shakespearean plays were given by the class in Shakespeare. The scenes selected were the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," the murder scene in "Macbeth," the Pyramus and Thisbe scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the court scene from "Othello." To say that Shakespeare was acted in a new fashion would hardly be overstating the case. As no money could be expended on costumes, the result of much planning and experimenting was at least novel. In no age and under no skies could the originals of some of the garments be classed. "The spirit was willing," but to alter the ending, the lines were weak, might describe the acting.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Contrary to the usual custom, and perhaps contrary to the strict rendering of the title, the alumni and non-graduate notes are included under this department. We urge all alumni and all former sons of Middlebury to remember that the success of this department depends upon their contributions. Contributions should be addressed to J. M. Avery, Alumni Editor, Middlebury, Vt.]

'38. The college has received a copy of the autobiography of Samuel Sterling Sherman. It is the record of a man of great usefulness. He founded Howard College in Alabama, which proved a very successful institution. The story of his experiences is full of interest and contains much information of educational and social conditions in the South in the years preceding the Civil War. Mr. Sherman has been for many years the oldest living geaduate of Middlebury.

'56. Rev. Charles M. Mead is spending the winter in New Haven, Conn.

'56. Hon. W. H. Nichols, for many years judge of probate, is now living in Randolph, Vt.

'57. Edmund G. Hunt was an active member of the Vermont Legislature from New Haven.

'60. Rev. Henry P. Higley, who has been seriously ill at his home in Castleton, is now much improved in health.

'69. Rev. M. E. Cady has been appointed pastor of a church in Chicago by the Rock River conference.

'70. M. O. Perkins has recently sold his interest in the Windsor *Journal*, of which he has been editor for many years. He will continue to live in Windsor.

'71. F. M. Peck has moved from Potsdam to Madrid, N. Y., where he is cashier in a bank.

'72. Robert M. Bailey was a recent visitor in Middlebury. He is now with the *Uuiversity Press* in Cambridge, Mass.

'76. Edwin H. Eastman presided at the dedication of the Lawrence Library in Bristol recently.

'77. Rev. C. B. Moody, president of Kingfisher College, Oklahoma, was a recent visitor in Middlebury.

'79. Rev. John W. Chapman has sent to the college a circular telling of the work that is being carried on at the Christ Church Mission in Anvik, Alaska, where he is located. A large amount of the food supply used by the Mission is procured by those who are in the Mission themselves by the making of gardens and the raising of herds. The work Mr. Chapman is doing is pioneer work of the noblest sort and is worthy of more space than this brief note allows.

'87. Dr. C. Ford Langworthy was elected vice-president of the American Home Economic Association at their annual meeting held at St. Louis last December.

'88. The following article was taken from the Montreal *Star* of January 5: "Mr. Richard H. Lane, secretary and general manager of the Charity Organization of the city of Montreal, passed away at eight o'clock this morning at the Mount Royal sanitorium, Metcalfe street, after a short illness. Mr. Lane was born in Vermont forty years ago and was a graduate of Middle-

bury, Vermont College. Shortly after graduation in literature and arts, he went to London, England, where under the present Bishop of London he studied scientific charities and settlement work. In connection with the latter he was particularly enthusiastic and for several years made a study of the subject in London. George R. Sims' poem, "Billy's Rose," appealed to him to such an extent that he declared he would give his life's work for the poor. After his experience in London he came to Canada, and after a very short discussion with the Charity Organization of the city, he was appointed to take charge of their work; the salary which he received was little more than some of those whom he assisted received in the course of the year. He lived in his work. Essentially a man of refined taste, he was invited to many of the prominent homes of Montreal and in each of those homes he made a plan of campaign to get what he could for those who were dependent upon his organization. At the home of the Charity Organization at the Corner of Dowd and Bleury street, to-day scores of women and children found to their sorrow that their benefactor was dead. The late Mr. Lane's brother, who resides in Vermont, will arrive to-morrow morning, when the arrangements for the funeral will be made." In a letter to Dean Howard, Mr. Lane's brother, Doctor Winfred H. Lane of Brattleboro, says: "My brother died in Montreal, December 5, of acute dilation of the heart. His health had not been good all the past summer, but I had no idea of such a sudden ending. I saw him in Boston about a month before he died and spent several days with him there. He returned to Montreal and frequent letters told me that he was feeling much better. On Friday, December 2, he was taken worse and died the following Monday morning. A very simple service was held on the morning of December 7, in the chapel of the Royal Victoria Hospital and burial was in Mt. Royal cemetery. It was hard to leave him there, but it was the wish of his friends and I felt that could he speak it would be his desire also."

'91. T. H. Noonan of Buffalo was in town recently. Mr. Noonan has been appointed assistant district attorney to prosecute offences against the pure food laws.

'95. W. H. Eldridge has been appointed a trustee of the State Normal school of Idaho. This appointment is all the more to be commended as it was entirely unsought.

'97. Marian E. Dunbar is teaching in Springfield, Mass.

'97. Harriet D. Gerould is an assistant superintendent in the domestic science department of the public schools of Los Angeles, Cal.

'98. Mary G. Higley is studying French and German in Geneva, Switzerland.

'99. E. J. Waterman has been elected president of the board of trustees of Brattleboro.

'00. Mr. Herbert E. Boyce died in Hartford, Conn., January 21 of tuberculosis of the lungs. His sickness was of short duration. In a later issue of THE CAMPUS a further account of his death will be given.

'02. F. A. Hughes, who is in the advertising business in Rochester, N. Y., was a recent visitor in town.

'08, J. L. Richmond, who is teaching in the Orange (N. J.) high school and in an evening school in Newark, spent the holidays in town. He is taking afternoon courses in the law department of New York University.

'08. B. E. Robinson is teaching in Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

'08. J. L. Lovejoy is in the medical department of the University of Vermont.

'09. W. V. Hagar, who has a position with the Census Bureau in Washington, spent the holidays in town. He is studying civil engineering in George Washington University.

'09. On January 1, 1911, John A. Viele, was married to Miss Abigail R. Staples, Smith, '08, at Springfield, Mass. The ceremony was performed by ex-President Seelye of Smith. W. S. Barnum, '07, was best man, and A. W. Peach, '09, an usher. An informal reception and shower was given the evening before at the church of which the bride's father is pastor, and another at the home of the bride after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Viele left for New York immediately. They will reside at Wilmington, Vt., where they both have been teaching.

Ex.-'09. C. S. Hadley, who is in the second year class of Harvard Law School, is president of the Harvard Chess Club. He was a member of the team which defeated Yale and also of the team which played at the Intercollegiate tournament in New York.

'10. Lyman A. Morhous was married to Miss Margaret Bracy of Selma, Ala., at Middlebury, December 23.

'10. Robert F. Hunt, who has been ill with pneumonia in Wilmington, Del., is recovering rapidly.

'09. The subscription of A. W. Peach to the gymnasium fund was $100, not $20 as printed in the annual report.

'10. Miss Rena Huntley has accepted a position in Rochester, Vt., for the remainder of the year, where she is assistant principal in the Rochester high school.

Ex-'10. Miss Agnes Calhoun is teaching in South Shaftsbury this winter.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW YORK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

The annual dinner of the Middlebury College Alumni Association of New York city was held at the Waldorf-Astoria Friday evening, January 27. Percival Wilds, '02, secretary of the New York association, and a committee consisting of Walter S. Grant, '95, Reid L. Carr, '01, and Sanford H. Lane, '05, had the arrangement of the dinner in charge and the following was to have been the list of speakers, but Governor Mead was forced to telegraph his regrets because the Vermont Legislature was still in session and Colonel Harvey was prevented from attending by illness.

The president of the New York Association, Mr. Julian W. Abernethy, '76, was the toastmaster; Hon. John A. Mead, '64, governor of Vermont; Rev. John M. Thomas, D. D., '90, president of Middlebury College; Rev. Francis Brown, D. D., president of Union Theological Seminary; Col. George Harvey, editor *Harper's Weekly*; Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, A. M., director of Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Carl A. Mead, Esq., class of '91, Middlebury College.

About fifty friends and alumni of the college were present. Among them were ex-Gov. J. W. Stewart, '46, ex-Gov. J. G. McCullough, and ex-Gov. F. D. Proctor, '81, William H. Porter, A. Barton Hepburn, '71, R. H. Smith, '78, Dr. M. Allen Starr, George M. Wright, '74, James M. Gifford, '77, and Dr.

Brainerd Kellogg, '58. The college was represented by President John M. Thomas, Treasurer John A. Fletcher, '87, and Edwin S. S. Sunderland of the senior class. A reception was held at 6:30 o'clock in the parlors adjoining the "banquet hall" in which the dinner was held. The toastmaster and president of the New York Alumni Association, Doctor Abernethy, very pleasantly introduced the speakers. In introducing President Thomas he called attention to the wonderful growth of the institusion during Dr. Thomas's anministration. During the dinner he read several telegrams from absent alumni, among them one from Dr. George Nye Boardman, of the class of 1848, one of Middlebury's oldest alumni. President Thomas in reviewing the year's work of the college spoke in his characteristic enthusiastic and pleasing way of the growth of the college, the remodelling of Battell Cottage, the completion of Pearson Hall, the purchase of the old Catholic church and its use as a temporary gymnasium, the classes in gymnasium under the direction of Ray L. Fisher, '10, and the presentation of the "Roman Drama" last commencement. He announced that the corporation had voted to commence the building of the McCullough gymnasium in the spring, and the increase of $7,600.00 to the State's appropriation to the college, and that the corporation had voted the necessary funds to the English department for the presentation of an Elizabethian next commencement.

Dr. Brown said that he was proud to be the president of an institution which had graduated such men as Dr. Thomas and Doctor Hesselgrave.

Professor Hooper said that John D. Rockefeller could have done lots more good by dividing up the $10,000,000 he gave last December to Chicago University among twenty smaller colleges. He said that he believed that Middlebury College could do more with $500,000 than the University of Chicago with $10,000,000.

Mr. Carl A. Mead in a very eloquent and interesting way spoke of the relationship of the alumni to the college.

After the dinner a business meeting of the New York Alumni Association was held and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Hon. W. W. Gay, '77; secretary, Mr. Sanford H. Lane, '05; committee, Mr. Percival Wilds, '02, Mr. Theodore D. Wells, '98; Prof. Earl L. Cushman, '95.

Some of the other alumni and friends of the college present

at the dinner were: James F. McNaboe, '92, Samuel Sheldon, '83, H. W. Twitchell, W. I. Twitchell, '77, Rev. C. E. Hesselgrave, '93, Dr. G. D. Scott, '95, Harry P. Stimson, '77, Edwin W. Willcox, '04, J. L. Richmond, '08, Benj. E. Farr, '08, Charles Voetsch, '02, LeRoy F. Hovey, '04, Charles E. Bush, H. A. Cushing.

ATHLETICS.

BASKET BALL.

BASKET BALL is attracting unusual interest this season on account of the closely-matched teams and the enthusiasm of their supporters. Nearly two hundred people witnessed the opening games of the season on the evening of Thursday, January 12, when the seniors beat the juniors with a score of 22–9, and the freshmen won from the sophomores, 11–10. In the first game, the passing of the juniors was especially noteworthy, and the first half was anybody's game, but Barnes' unerring shooting in the last half gave the seniors a good safe margin.

SCORE.

1911.		1912.	
Barnes, r. f.,	14	Smith, r. g.,	1
Darrow, l. f.,	2	Wray, l. f.,	
Peach, r. g., c..	4	Taylor, c.,	6
Palmer, c., r. g.,		Lahiff, r. g.,	2
Cleary, l. g.,	2	King, l. g.,	
Total,	22	Total,	9

The sophomore-freshman game was much closer in the final score, and was one of the hardest fought games that has been witnessed here. The sophomores put up a brilliant game, but through their superior team work, the freshmen came out on top.

SCORE.

1913.		1914.	
Root, r. f.,	4	O'Neill, r. f.,	2
Carrier, l. f.,	2	Weafer, l. f.,	
Leonard, c.,	4	Rogers, c.,	2
Hallock, r. g.,		Cronk, r. g.,	
Pollard, l. g.,		Vail, l. g.,	7
Total,	10	Total,	11

Two more games were played on the 19th, with the results: 1912, 9, 1913, 13, and 1911, 15, 1914, 14. Both the games started off at top speed, which was maintained to the finish.

SCORE.

1912.		1913.	
Wray, r. f.,		Root, r. f.,	2
Smith, l. f.,	2	Carrier, l. f.,	4
Taylor, c.,	4	Leonard, c.,	7
King, r. g.,	2	Pollard, r. g.,	
Lahiff, l. g.,	1	Hallock, l. g.,	
Total,	9	Total,	13

SCORE.

1911.		1914.	
Barnes, r. f.,	7	O'Neill, l. f.,	4
Darrow, l. f.,	2	Weafer, r. f.,	6
Peach, c.,	6	Rogers, c.,	
Palmer, l. g.,		Cronk, l. g.,	2
Cleary r. g.,		Vail, r. g.,	2
Total,	15	Total,	14

COLLEGE NOTES.

Arthur B. King, '12, has been elected captain of the football team for 1911.

Russell Hallock, '13, was called to Brooklyn, January 13 by the death of his uncle, L. S. Tuttle.

Professor McGilton has been unable to meet his classes for some time on account of serious illness.

The senior women were entertained Friday evening, January 6, by the Apha Chi seniors at their house.

The Pi Mu Epsilon Sorority entertained the freshmen girls ou January 13 at their rooms in Battell block.

Manager Kopke of the track team has arranged for a dual meet with St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y., May 20.

Vermont Alpha of Pi Beta Phi entertained about fifty of their friends at a dance in the Masonic hall Saturday evening, January 21.

The Delta Upsilon Fraternity enjoyed a sleigh ride to East

Middlebury Friday evening, January 13. Upon arrival at the hotel a bountiful supper was served, after which dancing was participated in. Prof. and Mrs. Cady chaperoned the party.

The athletic council, in a meeting held January the sixth, awarded football "M's" to the following men: Barnes, '11, P. W. Darrow, '11, McConnell, '11, (Capt.), Moore, '11, Palmer, '11, Tuck, '11, (Mgr.), Hedges, '12, King, '12, Smith, '12, Woodward, '12, Bump, '13, Leonard, '13. Cassavant, '14, Edes, '14, Fisher, '14, Triggs, '14.

The bill increasing the annual appropriation from the State of Vermont to Middlebury College by $7600 passed the Legislature, and was signed by Governor Mead on January 10. This will make the State appropriation to Middlebury $16,000 a year, beginning July first. President Thomas announced these facts at chapel on the morning of January 11. Dr. Julian W. Abernethy, '76, Dr. Rufus C. Flagg, '69, and Dean Howard were present and participated in the exercises.

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On the evening of January 3 Professor Wright met the men of the college in the Y. M. C. A. and gave them a straight, heart-felt talk on present conditions in student life here. The strong appeal that he made to the manhood of the college seems not to have been made in vain. The following week Professor White gave the association some valuable suggestions for practical work in the college. At this meeting it was decided to give an entertainment sometime during the winter and a committee was elected to have the matter in charge. January 17 State Secretary Clark spoke on "The Boy Scout Movement in America" in such an interesting manner that he was greeted with great applause at the close of his talk. The fourth in this series of particularly strong addresses was given by President Thomas on the evening of January 24. Doctor Thomas spoke on the subject, "Doing Good."

ANNUAL REUNION AND BANQUET.

THE annual reunion and banquet of the Boston Association of Middlebury College Alumni will be held April 8. Special notices giving the hour and place of meeting will be sent out later. All former students and friends of Middlebury are invited. Those wishing to have their names added to the list so as to receive the association announcement, please notify the secretary, Miss Rena I. Bisbee, Milford, Mass.

KERMESSE.

The Kermesse given by the Women's Musical Association for the benefit of the Silver Bay Fund, December 21, 1910, was most successful in all particulars. The two events of the evening which deserve especial mention are the solo by Mrs. W. E. Howard and the "Highland Fling," danced by two of the freshmen girls. A cake was offered as a prize to the group giving the most original cake walk, and was won by the Russian group. The association extends sincere thanks to all who helped make this entertainment a success.

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